

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES

A Diet for Mental Dyspepsia and a Salad for Small Salaries.

The whole carefully compounded and put up expressly for Family Use.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR.

NUMBER CCLII.

HISTORY OF A HONEYMOON.

From the Diary of the Bride and Bridegroom.

She—Monday. The most important entry I have ever made!

He—Monday. The greatest epoch in my life; at 10:30 A. M. I was married!

She—Tuesday. Beautiful morning; sunshine—birds singing—Dear John—happy as the day is long!

He—Tuesday. Came down here last night. Bad hotel, bad dinner. Place looks better by daylight; but I should say dullish. Poor Nelly! not much to say for herself.

She—Wednesday. Dear, darling John! so kind and thoughtful. After breakfast went out exploring all the ruins; so interesting, and leaning on John's arm—so nice.

He—Wednesday. Tolerable breakfast. Went out with Nelly to see "the ruins," and she quite walked me off my legs. Awfully stupid things "ruins" are, to be sure! Had no idea before that Nelly weighed so much; took my arm all the way back.

She—Thursday. In the morning went out driving with John. After lunch saw some more ruins.

He—Thursday. Driving. Beastly, sluggish sort of pony. Ruins again; really can't stand any more of 'em. Beginning to rain.

She—Friday. Raining heavily. Nothing to do. Dear John seems sledgey, poor fellow. I should think this is a dull place when it rains.

He—Friday. Raining like the deuce. Dreadfully dull. Nelly hasn't a word to say for herself; and the wine is even worse than the cigars.

She—Saturday. Still raining. John is quite dull, and doesn't seem to talk to one much; it really seems as if he were getting tired of me already. What is to be done?

He—Saturday. Can't stand this any longer. Nelly is quite tiresome sometimes. Suggest going back to town by 3:50 train. She agrees at once. Hurrah, what an escape!

MARY JANE.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

"Velocipedes are all the rage," said Tomkins, "I will one engage, and on it I scour the plain."

And with my grace, I rather think, Astorish Mary Jane!

He hired the swift velocipede—He mounted on his two-wheeled steed.

To charm his Mary Jane. Unhappy Tomkins, luckless John! For he no sooner had got on

Than he was off again. They picked him up, and brushed his knees, and he recovered by degrees.

Though sorely racked with pain. He calmly thought the matter over, and thought he'd wait a bit before

Ascending Mary Jane. And then he set himself to learn The way to mount, and run, and turn,

And labored might and main To master that unyielding steed. Intending, when he'd learned to feast

The eyes of Mary Jane. But days went by—weeks—months—and still He had a tendency to spill—

His struggles were in vain! He strove with his two-wheeled brute—

Meanwhile a chap who took no heed Of a two-wheeled velocipede

Went courting Mary Jane. He got on quicker with his suit Than Tomkins with his two-wheeled brute—

And did such speed attain, That on the day our Tomkins strode

Bicycling to his love's abode He'd married Mary Jane!

MORAL.

Now, lovers, by this tale take heed—Remember, a velocipede

To Cupid is a fool for speed; For Love the race will gain.

While you are figuring about On bicycle—great swells no doubt!—

A swell may come and cut you out, And win your Mary Jane.

Amused Proverbs.

When rogues fall out, honest men have a chance of doing a little swindling on their own account.

A rolling stone isn't the best seat you can find on the edge of a precipice.

Birds of a feather don't contribute much to the manufacture of feather-beds.

Where there's a will it may be found advisable to prove it in court.

Poet for the Pope.

The Pope his blessed golden rose Whom to send, this time, no one knew.

With his Pere Hyacinthe he knows, Perhaps, as little what to do.

A Nervous System.

Elen.—"My goodness, aussy! We have been looking for you everywhere, and dinner is waiting!"

And Jennina.—"I can't help it, my dear. I always sit in the coal-cellar during a thunder-storm. Tell your papa to keep a wing hot for me."

Why?

"Why don't the men propose, mamma, Why don't the men propose?"

Each one seems coming to the point, And then away he goes.

"They're frightened at your coat, my dear; They're thinking of your clothes."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A LESSON.—It is stated that a man at Montreal, to play a trick on a fellow-lodger, drank of a good deal of a bottle of whisky which the latter had strongly impregnated with morphia.

He died in consequence. Let this be a warning, not merely against taking morphia, but against taking more-than-is-good-for-you.

A JUVENILE DELINQUENT.—It is sad to witness the propensity evinced even by the very young to break the laws of means and tunc.

We saw a little rogue the other day, barely two years of age (ah! my star), who had his father's eyes and his mother's nose and chin.

A HINT FROM LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—Honesty is the best policy.

HARLEQUIN—Striking attitudes.

Why is the greatest want of the age? Want of funds.

Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used up.

People speak of the sun's breaking out. Will they account for the spots on its face?

What is the difference between a pill and a bill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

"JAKE, lend me ten dollars till I sell my dog?" Jake replied soothingly and sympathetically:—"O Jim! I wouldn't sell him."

A STORY is told of a young man who was going West to open a jewelry-store. When asked what capital he had, he replied, "A crowbar."

A GIRL in Wisconsin swallowed forty pericarp-caps. Her mother refrained from spanking her for fear of an explosion.

STRONGS says he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by simply getting on a high fence and waiting until the dog left.

The proprietor of a Boston bone-mill advertises that persons sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

Gentleman (to boatman)—You must often, I should think, get wet, do you not?

Artless Boatman—Yes, yer honor, we does, werry wet, werry wet, indeed; but I'm werry dry just now, yer honor, and no mistake.

ROBERT HALL did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house, and said in a whining tone: "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?"

Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied: "What will never bring you, sir; too much brain."

"JAMES! James!" cried an author's wife, "I have been calling you this half hour; and dinner is getting quite cold." "Oh! is it? Well, you know, I have just killed the cruel old uncle. His property, of course, comes to his nephew, Charles, and I am marrying him to Emily. Keep the mutton hot till the ceremony is over, there's a dear."

WONDERFUL INVENTION.—Every one has heard of self-made men, but it may not perhaps be equally well known that there are also "Ready-made and Bespoke Tailors." Patterns can be had on application.

THE LATEST QUOTATIONS IN THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—Marriages scarce and depressed; engagements dull, and few coming forward; courtships long and lingering; mercantile business dull; sea-mal market overstocked; beans, supplies light, stock inferior, and in good demand; discarded lovers plenty, and stock accumulating; tattling, a good assortment.

IS NOT the happy frame of mind made of couleur-de-rose-wood?

Never talk with your mouth full. If you talk with a bit in your mouth you must expect to be hoarse.

AN ASTUTE PROVERB.—Boys will be boys. This is nonsense. Boys will be men—if they live long enough.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.—In consequence of the advertisement of a book entitled "The Begynnot; or, The City of the Single," the Series Editor has received countless letters from unmarried ladies, begging of him to tell them where this interesting city is, and whether the single who inhabit it are single gentlemen. His private secretaries are busy night and day answering these inquiries.

IMPERIAL IMPROVEMENT.—The latest bulletin from Paris states that the Emperor is much better. We have always thought there was room for improvement in him.

Why is the first person singular, present tense, indicative mood, of the verb "to be" like a great kingdom? Because it's Siam.

A GOOD NOTION.—There has always been a little difficulty in English in distinguishing between "story—a narrative of facts" and "story—a tissue of falsehoods. Suppose in the future we always speak of the latter "story-story."

A PRATY ANSWER.—An advertisement in a contemporary commences thus: "Can you identify your watch? Can you recognize your umbrella?" We can identify the former, having a good memory for faces. As to the latter, we lent it a friend some time ago and have never had a chance of recognizing it since.

A MATTER OF CONSEQUENCE.—To remove all possible cause for the howl which has been raised against vaccination, by all means revert for vaccine lymph to the cow. That fluid, as obtained from the animal, may not be what it was in the time of Jenner, having in three-quarters of a century, very possibly degenerated.

PRESS-TIGER.—Now don't all you journalists speak at once! But here's an opening:—

THE PRESS-WANTING Editor, for a small country paper, just commencing, will be required to report and assist at case. Address, stating age, terms, and qualifications, to Mr. X, etc.

The sort of editor required is one of a composite—or compositor—order. He will have to be strong-minded enough to "set-up" his own opinions—to "lead" (N. B., not "conduct") his own leader. He must be able not only to manage an editorship, but to look after the "galley." We wish the small country paper may get him!

A PARIS journal has a light touch, in speaking of the elections, which seems to show that the bitterness of feeling so much remarked in Paris politics is not quite universal. In the rivalry of candidates to appear entirely subservient to their constituents, one of them declares that he has just put a night-bell at his door for the use of citizens who have votes!

A SELF-EVIDENT FACT.—Whatever else the Spaniards may want, they ought not to want food, for have they not a Provisional Government?

THE AUCTIONEER'S MOTTO.—Buy and buy. Is a dog's whine intoxicating? A NAP-SACK—A pillow-case.

"I WILL have order!" shouted the captain of a schooner to his refractory cook. "If you won't cook the dinner, I'll—do it myself. I will have discipline on board of this 'ere vessel!"

"My dear," asked a husband, on observing new striped hose on his only heir, "why have you made barber-poles of our Ernest's legs?" "Because he's a little shaver," was the reply.

SAID an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows:—"Did you ever see a lunar bow, miss?" "I have seen because by moonlight, sir, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

A CHICAGO paper makes the following marriage announcement:—"Pride—Stillman—Gargala, November 8. No cards. Presents, \$5000. Special train. Letters from Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan."

SUPPOSE a camel-boat heads west-northwest for the horse's tail, and has the wind abeam with a flaw coming up in the south, would the captain, according to maritime law, be justified in taking a reef in the stovepipe without asking the cook?

A PHYSICIAN walking out with a friend of his said to him:—"Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left. She knows me, and casts on me looks of indignation. I attended her husband." "Ah! I see; you had the misfortune to despatch him." "On the contrary," replied the doctor, "I saved him."

REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE was examining once a dull student who had an inveterate habit of answering one question by asking another. "Where," inquired the doctor, "was Solomon's temple?" "Hem—do you refer to its location, sir?" "Yes," growled the doctor in his deepest tones. "I refer to its location, or to anything

else about it that may be embraced under the word 'where.'"

The Paris journals have dressed up an old American joke, which seems to give them great pleasure, thus:—

Near the Invalides, yesterday, a gentleman stopped a cab and asked the driver, "What will you take to drive me to St. Cloud?"

The driver, thoughtfully, "Seven francs, sir."

"I do not ask you the price of your horse," was the reply.

A DERIVATION.—In a police court the other day sausages were defined as "bags of mystery." Let us see—the Greek is "mew-sterion," of course.

THE FIGARO has a wit who says of a comedian that "he has but two happy moments in his life—that in which he draws his pay and that in which a rival is hissed."

THE GAZETTE announces that "a young man about to marry wants to meet a man of experience who will dissuade him."

POLITICAL EQUALITY OF WOMEN.—It is as great a consolation to a young woman as it is to an old politician to have "a good cry."

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

The Story of the Deluge on this Continent. From the Detroit Post.

The following rather singular tradition which exists among the Papago Indians relating to the deluge, has, we believe, never yet appeared in print; at least, not in its present shape. It was related by Captain Cox, an aged and intelligent member of the tribe, and was taken down from his lips by an interpreter for Judge Henry T. Backus, of Arizona Territory, and formerly of this city. Judge Backus has visited many of the places mentioned in the legend, and has been an eyewitness of the quadrennial feast still celebrated at the cave. He represents the Papagoes as being nominally Catholics, yet clinging to their national traditions with great tenacity, and cherishing the memory of Montezuma with even more than saintly veneration.

The tradition of the deluge is interesting in its relation to the origin of the Indians of this country, and especially the ancient tribes who lived in the twilight of civilization, until the Spanish Christians annihilated them. Did they bring this tradition with them from the Asiatic continent? Or, did they come in contact with the people of the Old World, antecedent to any historical evidence of that fact, from whom they derived this tradition?

These are inquiries naturally suggested by the following narrative. Montezuma, it will be understood, is not the monarch of that name whom Cortes dethroned. It is the generic term of their rulers, like Pharaoh, Csesar, etc.

Before the flood men lived to a great age, so that they lost their teeth and crept about like children. After a time they would get new teeth, and walk upright again like men in the prime of life. Then it was that the Great Spirit created the mountains and peopled the earth on all sides. Then, too, animals talked like men, and were the first to tell of the approaching flood. About this time appeared Montezuma, who collected a large quantity of gum from a plant called *chuchit*, and with this gum, which is said to be insoluble in water, and with other materials, he built a large vessel, in which he took refuge, closing and sealing the door behind him. In like manner a cayote or prairie dog crept into a large cane stalk and closed the crevices against the water. The flood came up to the highest mountains, and reached even to the birds, which cried like men, with fright. When the waters came down, Montezuma and the cayote landed at Cerro Prieta, which mountain some believe to be Montezuma's vessel.

According to another tradition they landed in the centre of the earth, and, having come out of their vessels, Montezuma noticed the trail of a beetle, which he followed until he found the beetle fast in the mud. He then turned back, and meeting the cayote they embraced each other in grief. Montezuma sent the cayote southward to find the sea, which it soon found and returned, when it was sent on the same errand to the northward, but returned unsuccessful. They then lay down to sleep, when Montezuma dreamed that he should form men and women out of clay, which he accordingly did, making two for each nation. Meanwhile the cayote sat behind him also making men, but the latter were ill-formed, so that Montezuma ordered them to be removed. His own people multiplied rapidly, and built a large city on the north bank of a river, supposed to be at the mouth of Salt River, in Arizona, where the remains of large ditches are still visible.

Montezuma next travelled southward, followed by large numbers of people. In accordance with a dream, he thrust a rod into the earth, and water flowed thence, which is the origin of the springs at Santa Rosa and elsewhere. After a time the Great Spirit appeared to Montezuma as an old man, and asked to baptize the people, that they might live beyond the sky after death, but Montezuma became angry and killed the Great Spirit. Then the latter arose from the dead by night and repeated the request, when Montezuma grew angry again, declared that he would take his people to heaven by a tower, and killed the Great Spirit a second time, leaving him on the ground, where he was dragged about as a plaything for four years. He then returned to heaven, removing the sun further from the earth as he ascended.

After a long interval he descended again with the same request as before. At this time Montezuma was living at the Casa Blanco, or white house, close to the Pimo villages, on the Gila river. The inside of the house was overlaid with pure gold. A third time he threw the Great Spirit, but the latter now becoming angry, threw a lance into Spain, which led to an invasion by the Spaniards. Twice did Montezuma meet and repel the invaders, but before the third engagement the golden ring flew from the finger of his daughter to the finger of the Spanish commander, and the silver ring of the latter flew to the finger of the former. Thus did she become leagued with the enemy, and when they were out of provisions she prevailed upon her people to throw them *tonales* instead of arrows, and thus they were fed by Montezuma's expense.

After many severe conflicts the Spaniards were victorious when the traitorous Princess demanded the hand of the commander in marriage. He agreed to this on condition that an eagle which he set free should alight on a prickly pear tree. The eagle did so, and the commander started to celebrate the marriage at the pear tree, being followed by a large train of Papagoes; but, under the pretext of getting violins, powder, etc., he travelled on and on until the Indians all deserted him.

Henceforth, as the story goes, Montezuma

made no improvements, and his people were scattered over the country. He afterwards deposited the archives of the Papago and Pinto nations in a cave near Santa Rosa, and ordered that they celebrate a feast there every fourth year, which custom is still observed. The nation gradually diminished, and Montezuma wandered about until the Indians have lost all traces of him.

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